

While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
 On headlong appetite the slacken'd rein,
 And give us up to licence, unrecall'd,
 Unmark'd;—see, from behind her secret stand,
 The sly informer minutes every fault,
 And her dread diary with horror fills:
 Not the gross act alone employs her pen;
 She reconnoitres fancy's airy band,
 A watchful foe! the formidable spy,
 List'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp;
 Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
 And steals our embryos of iniquity.
 As all-rapacious usurers conceal
 Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs,
 Thus, with indulgence most severe she treats
 Us spendthrifts of inestimable time;
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapplied;
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,
 Writes our whole history: which death shall read
 In every pale delinquent's private ear,
 And judgment publish—publish to more worlds
 Than this; and endless age in groans resound.
 LORENZO, such that sleeper in thy breast!
 Such is her slumber; and her vengeance such
 For slighted counsel;—such thy future peace!
 And think'st thou still thou canst be wise too soon?

But why on time so lavish is my song?
 On this great theme kind nature keeps a school,
 To teach her sons herself: each night we die,
 Each morn are born anew: each day—a life!

And shall we kill each day? If trifling kills,
 Sure vice must butcher: O what heaps of slain
 Cry out for vengeance on us! time destroy'd
 Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt:
 Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
 Hell threatens: all exerts; in effort, all
 More than creation labours!—labours more?
 And is there in creation, what, amidst
 This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
 And ardent energy, supinely yawns?—
 Man sleeps—and man alone; and man, whose fate—
 Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,
 Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulph
 A moment trembles—drops! and man, for whom
 All else is in alarm; man, the sole cause
 Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
 As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw years away—
 Throw empires—and be blameless?—moments seize;
 Heaven's on their wing: a moment we may wish,
 When worlds want wealth to buy:—bid day stand still,
 Bid him drive back his car, and reimport
 The period past, regive the given hour.
 LORENZO, more than miracles we want;
 LORENZO—O for yesterdays to come!

Such is the language of the man awake;
 His ardour such, for what oppresses thee:
 And is his ardour vain, LORENZO? no,
 That more than miracle the gods indulge;
 To-day is yesterday return'd; return'd
 Full-power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,